

Through all the Kingdomes that acknowledge Christ,
 Thrice hath the *Horspur Mars* in swathing clothes,
 This infant warriour, in his enterprizes,
 D'scomfited great *Douglas*, tane him once,
 Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
 To fill the mouth of deepe defiance vp,
 And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
 And what say you to this? *Percy, Northumberland,*
 The Archbishops Grace of *York, Douglas, Mortimer,*
 Capitulate against vs, and are vp.
 But, wherefore doe I tell these newes to thee?
 Why, *Harry*, do I tell thee of my foes,
 Which art my neereſt and deareſt enemy?
 That thou art like enough through vaſſall feare,
 Baſe inclination, and the ſtart of ſpleene,
 To fight againſt me vnder *Percies* pay,
 To dog his heeles, and curſie at his mowes,
 To ſhew how much thou art degenerate.

Prin. Doe not thinke ſo, your ſhall not finde it ſo,
 And God forgieue them, that ſo much haue I waide
 Your Maieſties good thoughts away from mee;
 I will redeeme all this on *Percies* head;
 And in the cloſing of ſome glorious day
 Be bold to tell you that I am your ſonne,
 When I will weare a garment all of blood,
 And ſtaine my fauours in a bloody maſke,
 Which waſht away, ſhall ſcower my ſhame with it.
 And that ſhall be the day, when ere it lights,
 That this ſame childe of honour and renowne,
 This gallant *Horspur*, this al-praiſed Knight,
 And your vntought of *Harry* chance to meece,
 For euery honour ſitting on his helme,
 Would they were multitudes, and on my head
 My ſhame redoubled. For the time will come,
 That I ſhall make this Northren youth exchange
 His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my Lord,
 To engroſſe my glorious deeds on my behalfe.

And

And I will call him to ſo ſtriſt account,
 That hee ſhall render euery glory vp,
 Yea, euen the ſlighteſt worſhip of his time,
 Or I will teare the reckoning from his heart.
 This in the name of God I promiſe here,
 The which if he be pleaſ'd, I ſhall performe.
 I do beſeech your Maieſtie may ſalue,
 The long growne wounds of my intemperance:
 If not, the end of life cancels all bands,
 And I will dye an hundred thouſand deaths,
 Ere breake the ſmaleſt parcell of this vow.
King. A hundred thouſand rebels die in this,
 Thou ſhalt haue charge, and ſoueraigne truſt herein.
 How now, good *Blunt*? thy looks are full of ſpeed.

Enter *Blunt*.

Blunt. So hath the buſines that I come to ſpeake of.
 Lord *Mortimer* of Scotland hath ſent word,
 That *Douglas* and the *Engliſh* rebles met
 The eleuenth of this moneth, at *Shrewsburie*:
 A mighty and a fearefull head they are,
 (If promiſes bee kept on euery hand)
 A ſeuer offer'd ſoule play in a State.

King. The Earle of *Westmerland* ſet forth to day,
 With him my ſonne Lord *John* of *Lancaster*,
 For this aduertisement is fixe dayes old,
 On Wednesday next, *Harry*, thou ſhalt ſet forward:
 On Thursday, we our ſelues will march. Our meeting
 Is *Bridge-north*, and, *Harry*, you ſhall march
 Through *Gloceſter ſhire*, by which account
 Our buſines valued ſome twelue dayes hence,
 Our generall forces at *Bridge-north* ſhall meece.
 Our hands are full of buſines, let's away,
 Advantage feedes him fat, while men delay. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Falſtaffe* and *Bardoll*.

Fal. *Bardoll*, am I not fallen away vilely ſince this laſt action?
 doe I not bate? doe I not dwindle? why my ſkin hangs about
 me like an o'd *Laſer* looſe gowne. I am withered like an olde
 apple *John*. Well, I repent, and that ſodainely, while I am in
 ſome